

THE LITERARY MIRROR.

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[NO. 51.]

Sweet flowers and fruits from fair Parnassus' mount,
And varied knowledge from rich Science' fount,
We hither bring.

THE CANAL AND THE BROOK,

A Reverie.

A DELIGHTFUL pleasant evening succeeding a sultry summer-day invited me to take a solitary walk; and leaving the dust of the highway, I fell into a path that led along a pleasant little valley watered by a small meandering brook. The meadow ground on its banks had been lately ^{earth} sown, and the new grass was springing up with a lovely verdure. The brook was hid in several place by the shrubs that grew on each side, and intermingled their branches. The sides of the valley were roughened by small irregular thickets; and the whole scene had an air of solitude and retirement, uncommon in the neighbourhood of a populous town. The Duke of Bridgwater's canal crossed the valley, high raised on a mound of earth, which preserved a level with the elevated ground on each side. An arched road was carried under it, beneath which the brook that ran along the valley was conveyed by a subterraneous passage. I threw myself upon a green bank, shaded by a leafy thicket, and resting my head upon my hand, after a welcome indolence had overcome my senses, I saw, with the eye of fancy, the following scene.

The firm built side of the aqueduct suddenly opened, and a gigantic form issued forth which I soon discovered to be the Genius of the Canal. He was clad in a close garment of russet hue. A mural crown, indented with battlements, surrounded his brow.—His naked feet were discoloured with clay. On his left shoulder he bore a huge pick-axe; and in his right hand he held certain instruments, used in surveying and levelling. His looks were thoughtful, and his features harsh. The breach through which he proceeded instantly closed, and with a heavy tread he advanced into the valley. As

he approached the brook, the Deity of the stream arose to meet him. He was habited in a light green mantle, and the clear drops fell from his dark hair, which was encircled with a wreath of water-lily, interwoven with sweet-scented flag: an angling rod supported his steps. The Genius of the Canal eyed him with a contemptuous look, and in a hoarse voice thus began:

"Hence, ignoble rill! with thy scanty tribute to thy lord the Mersey; nor thus waste the almost-exhausted urn in lingering windings along the vale. Feeble as thine aid is, it will not be exceptable to that master stream himself; for, as I lately crossed his channel, I perceived his sands loaded with stranded vessels. I saw, and pitied him, for undertaking a task to which he is unequal. But thou, whose languid current is obscured by weeds, and interrupted by mishapen pebbles: who lovest thy self in endless mazes, remote from any sound but thy own idle gurgling; how canst thou support an existence so contemptible and useless? For me, the noblest child of Art, who hold my unremitting course from hill to hill, over vales and rivers; who pierce the solid rock for my passage, and connect unknown lands with distant seas; wherever I appear I am viewed with astonishment, and exulting Commerce hails my waves. Behold my channel thronged with capacious vessels for the conveyance of merchandize, and splendid barges for the use and pleasure of travellers; my banks covered with airy bridges and huge warehouses, and echoing with the busy sounds of Industry! Pay then the homage due from Sloth and Obscurity to Grandeur and Utility."

"I readily acknowledge," replied the Deity of the Brook, in a modest accent, the superior magnificence and more extensive utility of which you so proudly boast; yet in my humble walk, I am not void of a praise less shining, but not less solid than yours. The nymph of this peaceful valley, render-

ed more fertile and beautiful by my stream; the neighbouring sylvan deities to whose pleasure I contribute; will pay a grateful testimony to my merit. The windings of my course, which you so much blame, serve to diffuse over a greater extent of ground the refreshment of my waters; and the lovers of nature and the Muses, who are fond of straying on my banks are better pleased that the line of beauty marks my way, than if, like yours, it were directed in a straight, unvaried line. They prize the irregular wildness with which I am decked, as the charms of beauteous simplicity. What you call the weeds which darken and obscure my waves, afford to the botanist a pleasing speculation of the works of nature; and the poet and painter think the lustre of my stream greatly improved by glittering through them. The pebbles which diversify my bottom, and make these ripples in my current, are pleasing objects to the eye of taste; and my simple murmurs are more melodious to the learned ear than all the rude noises of your banks, or even the music that resounds from your stately barges. If the unfeeling sons of Wealth and Commerce judge of me by the mere standard of usefulness, I may claim no undistinguished rank. While your waters, confined in deep channels, or lifted above the valleys, roll on, a useless burden to the drudgery of bearing temporary merchandizes, my streams will bestow unvarying fertility on the meadows, during the summers of future ages. Yet I scorn to submit my honours to the decision of those whose hearts are shut up to taste and sentiment: let me appeal to nobler judges. The philosopher and poet, by whose labours the human mind is elevated and refined, and opened to pleasures beyond the conception of vulgar souls, will acknowledge that the elegant deities, who preside over simple and natural beauty have inspired them with their charming and instructive ideas. The sweetest and most majestic bard that

ever sung has taken a pride in owing his affection to woods and streams; and, while the stupendous monuments of Roman grandeur, the columns which pierced the skies, and the aqueducts which poured their waves over mountains and vallies, are sunk in oblivion, the gently winding Minicius still retains his tranquil honours. And when thy glories, proud Genius! are lost and forgotten; when the flood of commerce, which now supplies thy urn, is turned into another course, and has left thy channel dry and desolate; the, softly-flowing Avon shall still murmur in song, and his banks receive the homage of all who are beloved by Phœbus and the Muses."

Aikin's Miscell.

THE MONK.

A poor Monk of the order of St. Francis came into the room, to beg something for his convent. The moment I cast my eyes upon him, I was pre-determined not to give him a single sous; and accordingly I put my purse into my pocket—but-toned it up—set myself a little more upon my centre, and advanced up gravely to him: there was something, I fear, forbidding in my look: I have his figure this moment before my eyes, and think there was that in it which deserved better.

The Monk, as I judged from the break in his tonsure, a few scattered white hairs upon his temples being all that remained of it, might be about seventy—but from his eyes, and that sort of fire which was in them, which seemed more tempered by courtesy than years, could be no more than sixty—truth might lie between—He was certainly sixty-five; and the general air of countenance, notwithstanding something seemed to have been planting wrinkles in it before their time, agreed to the account.

It was one of those heads which Guido has often painted—mild—pale—penetrating, free from all common-place ideas of fat contented ignorance looking downwards upon the earth—it look'd forwards; but look'd as if it look'd at something beyond this world. How one of his order came by it, Heaven above, who let it fall upon a monk's shoulders, best knows; but it would have suited a Bramin; and had I met it upon the plains of Indostan, I had revered it.

The rest of his outline may be given in a few strokes; one might put it into the hands of any one to design, for 'twas neither elegant nor otherwise, but as character and expression made it so: it was a thin, spare form, something above the common size, if it lost not the distinction by a bend forwards in the figure—but it was the attitude of entreaty; and as it now stands present to my imagination, it gain'd more than it lost by it.

When he had entered the room three paces, he stood still; and laying his left hand upon his breast (a slender white staff with which he journey'd being in his right)—when I had got close up with him, he introduced himself with the little story of the wants of his convent, and the poverty of his order—and did it with so simple a grace—and such an air of deprecation was there in the whole cast of his look and figure—I was bewitched not to have been struck with it.

—A better reason was, I had pre-determined not to give him a single sous.

—'Tis very true, said I, replying to a cast upwards with his eyes, with which he had concluded his address—'tis very true—and Heaven be

their resource—who have no other but the charity of the world; the stock of which, I fear, is no way sufficient for the many great claims which are hourly made upon it.

As I pronounced the words "great claims," he gave a slight glance with his eye downwards upon the sleeve of his tunic—I felt the full force of the appeal—I acknowledge it, said I—a coarse habit, and that but once in three years, with meagre diet, are no great matters: and the true point of pity is, as they can be earn'd in the world with so little industry, that your order should wish to procure them by pressing upon a fund which is the property of the lame, the blind, the aged, and the infirm: the captive, who lies down, counting over and over again the days of his affliction, languishes also for his share of it; and had you been of the order of Mercy, instead of the order of St. Francis, poor as I am, continued I, pointing at my portmanteau, full cheerfully should it have been opened to you for the ransom of the unfortunate. The monk made me a bow—but of all others, resumed I, the unfortunate of our own country, surely, have the first rights; and I have left thousands in distress upon our own shore—The Monk gave a cordial wave with his head—as much as to say, No doubt, there is misery enough in every corner of the world, as well as within our convent—But we distinguish, said I laying my hand upon the sleeve of his tunic, in return for the appeal—we distinguish, my good father! betwixt those who wish only to eat the bread of other people's, and have no other plan in life, but to get through it in sloth and ignorance, for the love of God.

The poor Franciscan made no reply: a hectic of a moment pass'd across his cheek, but could not tarry—Nature seemed to have had done with her resentments in him; he shewed none—but letting his staff fall within his arm, pressed both his hands with resignation upon his breast, and retired.

My heart smote me the moment he shut the door—Phsa! said I, with an air of carelessness, three several times—but it would not do; every ungracious syllable I had uttered crowded back into my imagination; I reflected I had no right over the poor Franciscan, but to deny him; and that the punishment of that was enough to the disappointed, without the addition of unkind language—I considered his grey hairs—his courteous figure seemed to re-enter, and gently asked me, what injury he had done me? and why I could use him thus?—I would have given twenty livres for an advocate—I have behaved very ill, said I within myself; but I have only just set out upon my travels; and shall learn better manners as I get along.

Sterne.

THE MUSICAL PIGEON.

As related by Mrs. Piozzi.

AN odd thing to which I was this morning witness, has called my thoughts away to a curious train of reflections upon the animal race; and how far they may be made companionable and intelligent. The famous Ferdinand Bertoni, so well known in London, by his long residence among us, and from the undisputed merit of his compositions, now inhabits this his native city, and being fond of dumb creatures, as we call them, took to petting a pigeon, one of the few animals

that can live at Venice, where, as I observed scarcely any quadrupeds can be admitted, or would exist with any degree of comfort to themselves. This creature has, however, by keeping his master company, obtained so perfect an ear and taste for music, that no one who sees his behaviour, can doubt for a moment of the pleasure he takes in hearing Mr. Bertoni play and sing: for as soon as he sits down to the instrument, Columbo begins shaking his wings, perches on the piano-forte, and expresses the most indubitable emotions of delight. If however he or any one else strike a note false, or make any discord upon the keys, the dove never fails to shew evident tokens of anger and distress; and teased too long, grows quite enraged; pecking the offender's legs and fingers in such a manner, as to leave nothing less doubtful than the sincerity of his resentment. Signora Cecilia Giuliani, a scholar of Bertoni's, who has received some overtures from the London theatre lately, will, if she ever arrives there, bear testimony to the truth of an assertion very difficult to believe, and to which I should hardly myself give credit, were I not witness to it every morning that I chuse to call and confirm my own belief. A friend present protested he should feel afraid to touch the harpsichord before so nice a critic; and though we all laughed at the assertion, Bertoni declared he never knew the bird's judgment fail; and that he often kept him out of the room, for fear of his affronting or tormenting those who came to take musical instructions. With regard to other actions of his life, I saw nothing particularly in the pigeon, but his tameness, and strong attachment to his master: for though never winged, and only clipped a very little, he never seeks to range away from the house, or quit his master's service, any more than the dove of Anacreon.

While his better lot bestows
Sweet repast and soft repose;
And when feast and frolic tire,
Drops asleep upon his lyre.

*Scene between Colonel RIVERS and Sir HARRY;
in which the Colonel from principles of honour, re-
fuses to give his daughter to Sir HARRY.*

Sir Harry. Colonel, your most obedient: I am come upon the old business; for, unless I am allowed to entertain hopes of Miss Rivers, I shall be the most miserable of all human beings.

Rivers. Sir Harry, I have already told you by letter, and I now tell you personally, I cannot listen to your proposals.

Sir Har. No, Sir!

Riv. No, Sir: I have promised my daughter to Mr. Sidney. Do you know that, Sir?

Sir Har. I do: but what then? Engagements of this kind, you know—

Riv. So then, you do know I have promised her to Mr. Sidney?

Sir Har. I do—But I also know that matters are not finally settled between Mr. Sidney and you: and I moreover know, that his fortune is by no means equal to mine; therefore—

Riv. Sir Harry, let me ask you one question before you make your consequence.

Sir Har. A thousand, if you please, Sir.

Riv. Why then, Sir, let me ask you, what have you ever observed in me, or my conduct,

that you desire me so familiarly to break my word? I thought, Sir, you considered me as a man of honour?

Sir Har. And so I do, Sir—a man of the nicest honour.

Riv. And yet, Sir, you ask me to violate the sanctity of my word; and tell me directly, that it is my interest to be a rascal!

Sir Har. I really don't understand you Colonel; I thought, when I was talking to you, I was talking to a man who knew the world; and as you have not yet signed—

Riv. Why this is mending matters with a witness! And so you think, because I am not legally bound, I am under no necessity of keeping my word! Sir Harry, laws were never made for men of honour: they want no bond but the rectitude of their own sentiments; and laws are of no use but to bind the villains of society.

Sir Har. Well! but, my dear Colonel, if you have no regard for me, shew some little regard for your daughter.

Riv. I shew the greatest regard for my daughter, by giving her to a man of honour; and I must not be insulted with any farther repetition of your proposals.

Sir Har. Insult you, Colonel! Is the offer of my alliance an insult? Is my readiness to make what settlements you think proper—

Riv. Sir Harry, I should consider the offer of a kingdom an insult, if it were to be purchased by the violation of my word. Besides, tho' my daughter shall never go a beggar to the arms of her husband, I would rather see her happy than rich; and if she has enough to provide handsomely for a young family, and something to spare for the exigencies of a worthy friend, I shall think her as affluent as if she were mistress of Mexico.

Sir Har. Well, Colonel, I have done; but I believe—

Riv. Well, Sir Harry, and as our conference is done, we will, if you please, retire to the ladies. I shall be always glad of your acquaintance, tho' I cannot receive you as a son-in-law; for an union of interest I look upon as an union of dishonour, and consider a marriage for money at best but a legal prostitution.

POWER OF CONSCIENCE.

The following circumstance took place in Bethlem (Con.)

In the month of January, 1778, a gentleman by the name of Beach, had a pair of silver shoe buckles, valued at one dollar, stolen from him; although strict enquiry was made at the time, no information was obtained respecting them. A few mornings since, one of the family of the gentleman to whom the buckles belonged found an anonymous letter upon a bush near the house from which they had been taken about 31 years since, directed to a Mr. Bird (the supposed name of the owner of the buckles) which after reminding him of the theft, together with several attending circumstances, concluded by assuring him of the penitence of the writer, and requesting him to accept of four times the value of the buckles, as a small compensation for the wrong done him; in the letter was enclosed four dollars. A remarkable instance of the power of con-

science, which, after a lapse of thirty years, can compel the guilty to search for and recompence the person whom he had wronged.

PARALLEL between the Language of Men and Beasts.

It is imagined, by some philosophers, that birds and beasts (though without the power of articulation) understand one another, by the sounds they utter; and that dogs and cats have each a particular language to themselves, like different nations. Thus it may be supposed, that the nightingales of Italy have as fine an air for their native wood-notes as any Signior, or Signiora for an Italian air; that the boars of Westphalia, gruntle as expressively through the nose, as the inhabitants of High Germany; and that the frogs in the dykes of Holland, croak as intelligibly as the natives jabber their low Dutch. However this may be, we may consider those whose tongues hardly seem to be under the influence of reason and do not keep the proper conversation of human creatures as imitating the language of different animals. Thus, for instance, the affinity between chattering and monkeys, and praters and parrots, is too obvious not to occur at once.—Grunters and growlers may be justly compared to hogs; snarlors are curs, and the spitfire, passionate, are a sort of wild-cats, that will not bear stroking, but will pur when they are pleased. Complainers are screech-owls; and story-tellers, always repeating the same dull note, are cuckoos. Poets, who prick up their ears at their own hideous braying, are no better than asses. Critics in general, are venomous serpents who delight in hissing: and some of them, who have got by heart a few technical terms, without knowing their meaning, are no other than magpies.

GOOD BREEDING

IS not confined to externals, much less to any particular dress or attitude of the body. It is the art of pleasing, or contributing as much as possible to the ease and happiness of those with whom you converse.

Perhaps the summary of good breeding may be reduced to this rule: 'Behave unto all men, as you would they should behave unto you'—This will most certainly oblige us to treat all mankind with the utmost civility and respect, there being nothing which we desire more, than to be treated so by them. The ambitious, as well as the covetous, the proud, the vain, the angry, the debauchee, the glutton, are all lost in the character of the well bred man: or if nature should now and then venture to pop forth, she withdraws in an instant, and doth not show enough of herself to become ridiculous.

ILL BREEDING,

SAYS the Abbe Bellegrade, is not a single defect, it is the result of many. It is sometimes a gross ignorance of decorum, or a stupid indolence, which prevents us from giving to others what is due them. It is a peevish malignity, which inclines us to oppose the inclinations of a foolish vanity, which hath no complaisance for any other person: the effect of a proud & whimsical humour, which soars above all the

rules of civility; or, lastly, it is produced by a melancholy turn of mind, which pampers itself with a rude and disobliging behaviour.

WIT—HUMOUR.

Dr. Trusler says, that wit relates to the matter, humour to the manner; that our old comedies abound with wit, and our old actors with humour, that humour always excites laughter, but wit does not; that a fellow of humour will set a whole company in a roar, but that there is a smartness in wit, which cuts while it pleases. Wit, he adds, always implies sense and abilities, while humour does not. Humour is chiefly relished by the vulgar, but education is requisite to comprehend wit. Humour seems to exclude, and wit to include the idea of thought, study and difficulty. Humour judges by instinct, wit by comparison.

LIBERTINE.

Though a goodness of heart might be pleaded in favor of a man of dissipation, an entire profligacy of manners will corrupt the best heart in the world—and all that a good-natured libertine can expect, is, that we should mix some grains of pity with our contempt and abhorrence.

MONEY.

GOLD, in this world covers as many sins as charity in the next.

Wealth has a surer interest to introduce roguery into company, than virtue to introduce poverty.

Money got with labour and safety is constantly preserved, while the produce of danger and ease is commonly spent as easily, and often as wickedly as acquired.

When riches surprise a man as it were in the midst of poverty and distress, the consequence often leads to an extreme.—Sometimes excessive avarice, but oftner extreme prodigality.

Nothing out of nothing, is not a truer maxim in physics than politics; and every man who is greatly destitute of money, is on that account, entirely excluded from all means of acquiring it.

SLEEP.

Though sleep is a powerful friend to the distressed, like other powerful friends, he is not always ready to give his assistance to those who want it most.

SINGULARITY.

THERE are some men so eager to be remarkable that if they can purchase general observation at no less a rate, they will condescend to be ridiculous, and prefer to be laughed at, rather than not being taken notice of.

VIRTUE

Is a diamond, which when the world despises, it is plain that knaves and fools have too much sway therein.



Original Poetry.

WHEN SUPERSTITION with her ghastly train,
O'er the wide world held her extended reign,
Rome's Pontiffs rul'd with overbearing sway,
Nor Europe dar'd their mandates disobey.
Though deep in ethics, basely they conceal'd
The light by heav'n's ALMIGHTY SIRE reveal'd,
And through the labyrinths of mysteries led
With all the horrid gloom of night o'erspread,
The nations of the earth to wander far
From TRUTH's unclouded heav'n, where beam'd EM-
MANUEL'S Star.

WHILE earth's whole learning fill'd their daring
mind,
Their pow'r increas'd, grew matchless, unconfin'd ;
Men deem'd them gods, unrivall'd, and alone,
Who here below had fix'd their endless throne :
Swallowing as truths their execrable lies,
Emblazon'd o'er, and varnish'd by disguise,
Were in that snare of strange delusion caught,
DECEPTION in the loom of IGNORANCE wrought.
Thus with the bands of subjugation bound,
Th' imperial Pontiffs pour'd their vengeance round,
Whence'er they pleas'd their thund'ring bulls were
hurl'd,
And to its centre shook th' astonish'd world,
Long did vast empires, states, and kingdoms, groan,
Beneath the terrors of the Papal throne.
(To be continued.)

ON THE CIRCUMCISION.

YE flaring Pow'rs, and winged Warriors bright
That erst with music, and triumphant song,
First heard by happy watchful shepherd's ear,
So sweetly sung your joy the clouds along
Through the soft silence of the list'ning night ;
Now mourn, and if sad share with us to bear
Your fiery essence can distil no tear,
Burn in your sighs, and borrow
Seas wept from our deep sorrow :
He who with all Heav'n's-heraldy whilere
Enter'd the world, now bleeds to give us ease ;
Alas, how soon our sin
Sore doth begin
His infancy to seize !
O more exceeding love or law more just ?
Just law indeed, but more exceeding love !
For we by rightful doom remediless
Were lost in death, till he that dwelt above
High thron'd in secret bliss, for us frail dust
Emptied his glory, ev'n to nakedness ;
And that great covenant which we will transgress
Entirely satisfi'd,
And the full wrath beside
Of vengeance justice bore for our excess,

And seals obedience first with wounding smart
This day, but O ere long
Huge pangs and strong
Will pierce more near his heart.

MILTON.

EPIGRAM

For the Ladies.

A Sweeter blush was ne'er suffus'd,
Than that which rests on Laura's face ;
And still she is, by some accus'd,
Of borrowing what thus gives her grace.

Anecdotes.

THE municipality of a corporation in the neighbourhood of Weymouth, immediately previous to the departure of the Royal Family from that favorite watering-place, published the following proclamation :—

"Whereas his Majesty the King and Queen is expected to honour this ancient corporation with their presence in the course of their tour : in order to prevent them from meeting no impediment in his journey, the worshipful the Mayor and Bailiffs think fit the following regulations shall be prohibited, as follows : Nobody must leave no dust, nor nothing in that shape, before their doors nor shops ; and all wheel-barrow, cabbage-stalks, marble stones, and other vegetables, must be swept out of the streets. Any one who shall fail giving offence in any of these articles shall be dealt with according to law, without bail or main-prize.

"God save his Majesty the King and Queen, and his Worship the Mayor."

GENUINE BULL.

A gentleman of taste, lately fitted up a house in a style of great elegance. On showing it, however to a friend, the latter objected to the thinness of the partitions which divided the rooms from each other, observing that all that was said in one room might be overheard in the next. To this the owner replied, that he would immediately try the validity of the objections, by an experiment which could not fail. He accordingly called his servant Patrick, and directed him to go into the next room, to carefully shut the doors, and then listen in order to ascertain if he could distinguish any word spoken in the room where his master remained. When the master thought that Pat was properly stationed, he called out to him loudly, "Do you hear me ?" Pat immediately answered as loudly, "No Sir."

AT a tea party, a few evenings ago, a young gentleman (being at a loss for conversation) said "Pray, Miss, does not your mother keep a Cow ?" "No, Sir, replied the young lady, but, your mother keeps a Calf !"

A biography of Robespierre has appeared in an Irish paper, which concludes : *This extraordinary man left no children behind him, except his brother, who was killed at the same time.*

Lottery Now Drawing.

DIXVILLE ROAD LOTTERY, 2d class, commenced drawing in Boston last Tuesday—A few Tickets and Quarters are still for sale the fortunate Lottery Office of CHARLES TAPPAN, Market-street—The highest prize is 1000 Dollars, and no deduction.
January 28, 1809.

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